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SONGS OF
THE MISSISSIPI

JACOB IRVING HESS



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SONGS OF
THE MISSISSIPPI

BY

JACOB IRVING HESS
" "



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SONGS OF THE MISSISSIPPI

THE FATHER OF WATERS

I am the Mississippi.

I've flown since time began,
Since the sun first arose in the heavens,
Or the first appearance of man.
From the North where the snow clad Rockies
Laugh loud in their glad surprise,
I flow to the Southland fragrant
Where the silvery palm trees rise.
From the birth of this continent majestic
In the twilight burst of time,
I've flown from ice clad kingdoms
To the flowers of the southern clime.

I've flown through forests primeval,
Where sauntered the savage bear,
Where red men yelled on the war path
And the panther crouched in his lair.

The Father of Waters

Desoto sleeps on in my bosom.

In my cold arms, his ashes are bound.
He slumbers in peace neath the waters
His bold restless spirit once found.
The French trader welcomed the red man,
While the Englishman fought the wild brave,
And made of his forest crowned empire
A land where his own flag could wave.

And then rose a world dazzling nation
Whose banner unfurled o'er the free,
Whose East border kissed the Atlantic
And spread to the Western sea,
A vast earth encircling republic,
A flag with its cluster of stars
With the white of the northern snow drifts,
And the red of the sunset bars,
With the purpose of God in its colors,
With a destiny wondrous and true,
With its vespers that glow in their brilliance
On its background of heavenly blue.

The Father of Waters

Still onward I roll toward the tropics
 With the bright golden glow of my tide,
As forests and states and cities
 Spring up by my crystal side.
While ages shall come in their silence,
 And pass in their sorrow and woe,
And races shall rise up and vanish
 By the side of my murmuring flow,
And Father Time even shall falter
 With the hour glass and scythe in his hands,
But the flower scented breezes shall whisper
 As of yore by my golden sands,
For as the most wonderful artery
 Since Time gave this old world its birth,
I've been famed as the greatest river
 Of this mightiest continent on earth.

THE ETERNAL RIGHT

Be sure you're right, then go ahead,
And fight, if need be, till you're dead.
Almighty God knows Right is Right.
Fear not though you are faced with might,
And dare to sacrifice your self.
Heed not the voice of power and pelf.
You'll have foes, soon as you begin,
But strive on, you are sure to win.
Eternal Right cannot be crushed
Although its still voice may be hushed
At times by Wrong, and things look blue,
But if you fail, the fault's in you,
For God is on the side of Right.
His power shall arm you for the fight.
Stand up though you may stand alone
For Right, though Hell's vast hosts be thrown
Against your self, you cannot fail.
The Wrong shall lose, the Right prevail.
So once more, let these words be said
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

**“THE ROAD TO SUCCESS IS NOT BOR-
DERED WITH FLOWERS”**

You can't recline 'neath rosy bowers
And climb the dizzy heights of fame.
You can't thus carve yourself a name.
On beds of ease there is no place
For men who wish to win Life's race.

You'll have to sweat and strive and toil,
You'll have to burn your midnight oil,
And do your very level best.
You won't have time to idly rest.
Of course you think the road is rough,
But then, the grave gives rest enough.
You can't day dream, you've got to work.
You cannot lie around and shirk,
For building castles in the air
Will never get you any where.

The world won't shake your calloused hand
And pat your back and say you're grand
It's far more apt to trod you under

The Road to Success Not Bordered With Flowers

And point out each mistake and blunder.
'Twill criticise without cause sometimes
Altho this is one of the very worst crimes.
But the greatest men who have lived as yet
Grow greater the further away they get.
And the reason they crucified God's own son
Was because he couldn't please everyone.

THE CHILLICOTHE FAIR

The folks all seem excited,
As they march around the square,
Listening to the bands play Dixie,
At the Chllicothe Fair.

You can see the grand old Farmer,
With a smile upon his face,
As he takes his dear old woman
All around the Market Place.

And you bet yer bottom dollar
Just as sure as you wuz born,
He will take the highest prizes,
With his pumpkins, hogs and corn,
An' he'll smile and laugh and chuckle,
An' he'll treat you on the square,
If you'll take the time to greet him
At the Chillicothe Fair.

And the stars and stripes are hoisted,
You can see flags where you please;
They are smiling on the farmer,

The Chillicothe Fair

As they float upon the breeze.
You can see the prancing horses,
And the cattle here and there,
As the brass bands play their music
At the Chillicothe Fair.

And his pretty smiling daughters
Show the rosy bloom of health,
As with sparkling eyes they greet you,
As you look upon their Wealth.
And their lovely, spotless virtue,
And their snowy teeth of pearl
Merit all the World's high honor
Oh, the pretty farmer's girl.
You can see his golden harvest,
As it spreads along the street.
You can hear the hum of voices,
And the sound of tramping feet.
Just look on the racks of fodder
Filled with all that they can hold,

The Chillicothe Fair

And the tread of countless thousands
Gazing on the wreaths of gold.

Look upon his sons, admire them
In their manhood proud and grand,
As they give thier happy greeting;
Grasp their brown and honored hand!
They're not dressed perhaps in broad cloth
But they take a fearless stand.
You can't judge a man by clothing,
He might dress in rags so old,
But beneath his tattered garments
Beats a perfect heart of gold

Oh my grand and proud Missouri,
We will ever by thee stand;
We will ever sing thy praises
On the noisy old brass band;
And the Stars and Stripes shall flutter,
As thy sunlight proudly streams,
And Columbia smiles and beckons,
While the brave old eagle screams.

The Chillicothe Fair

Oh Missouri, Proud Missouri,
 How thy hills and valleys spread,
As their yellow harvests glitter,
 While the sun shines over head.
We will honor, love and praise thee;
 We will breathe thee in our prayer,
As thy stars and stripes still glitter
 At the Chillicothe Fair.

THE OLD FAMILY CIRCLE

I can see my dear old mother
Sitting at the cottage door.
Oh, those happy days of childhood,
If I could but live them o'er.

I can hear her softly singing
In the cold gray evening light,
In sweet tones with tears of sadness:
"Where's My Wandering Boy To-night."

I can feel the evening breezes
Cross the meadows brown and sere,
In that little family circle
I can see one vacant chair.

I can see my only brother
Through the twilight sadly roam,
And the sad thought often strikes me:
Do they miss me back at home?

My old Father softly slumbers
In the twilight's shadows gray,

The Old Family Circle

But I hope in joy to meet him
On that glorious Judgment Day.

I can see them gazing Eastward
In the twilights's silvery gloam,
And I wonder if they miss me
From the circle back at home.

Oh, that little broken circle
I would love to see tonight,
With their glad and joyous welcome
They would fill me with delight.

I am humble and unworthy,
As through life I sadly roam,
But I loved to be remembered
By the folks all back at home.

I can see their smiles of gladness,
As success I proudly claim.
In that little family circle;
I can hear them speak my name.

The Old Family Circle

I am torn from their bosom;
Through this cold world I must roam,
But my heart is sadly longing
For I love them back at home.

But the years are swiftly passing
In their silence calm and sweet,
And that little broken circle
Once again will get to meet.

When the Pearly Gates are opened,
And I cross Death's silent foam,
I will meet my dear old Mother,
And the folks all back at home.

STEPPING TOWARD THE GRAVE

'Twas only yesterday I stood
In Joy beside my Mother's knee.
In childhood's hour just yesterday
I cried and laughed in brightest glee.

Look! How the years are passing by,
The Winter's snow, the rose's bloom,
A few more tears, and then this clay
Shall molder in the silent tomb.

A few more steps, this weary load
In silence I will cast aside.
A few more sorrows and my bark
Will float upon Death's silvery tide.

Life hath its cloudy, dismal day.
A ray of sunshine lights the end.
Just one more step and I will leave
My nearest and my dearest friend.

The moments fly, the ages roll,
I see my angel mother stand

Stepping Toward the Grave

Beckoning to me down the gulf of years
To cross Death's sea to that better land.

Just yesterday I stood a youth,
And drank amid life's sweetest joy,
And threw the precious hours away,
A reckless and a thoughtless boy.

If I could just call back the years,
And use the hours that hurried past,
I would not shudder when I leap
Into Eternity silent and vast.

Look! How the seasons come and go;
I feel Death's cold and chilling wave.
Just yesterday a speechless child,
Now one foot tottering in the grave.

Each heart beat drags me slowly down;
I'm sailing toward that distant clime.
Each hour, each second, speeds me on,
I'm drifting down the stream of time.

Stepping Toward the Grave

I've let the years all slip away

And I'm useless now—just a guilty slave.

I've not done anything, and am weary for sleep;

Just one step from the silent grave.

DESTINY

Where are we going?
Where shall we end?
Give me thy hand
E're I leave thee my friend!
Life hath its mystery,
And Death its woe;
The gold chord is broken,
And then we must go.

Eternity vast hath its fathomless deep,
These clay lips shall close
In Death's long, peaceful sleep.
An Eternity endless on either hand
When Life's frail thread is severed;
Oh where shall we stand?

No idling—No straying,
No laughter—No play;
Oh, where are you standing,
My Brother, today?
Where are we going?
Where shall we end?
Give me thy hand!
E're I leave thee, my friend.

BEAUTIFUL SUNSET LAND

Torn from a bleeding heart away
The pride of my youthful bloom
Sweetly sleeps mid the roses of May.
In the shade of the cold gray tomb.
Those lovely eyes are forever closed.
That smile I shall see no more.
A cloud of sorrow enwraps my soul;
Those happy days are o'er.
A tender voice I used to hear
Now whispers no more of love,
But in sweetest dreams she is calling to me
From the mansions of Peace above.

Oft in the golden even tide
Hand in hand we wandered away,
And whispered tender words of love
Mid the roses and violets so gay,
And though above her little mound
The Winter winds blow chill,
And her rosy cheeks are pale in death
A fond heart mourns her still.

Beautiful Sunset Land

And her deep blue eyes are forever closed,
That have smiled on me so grand,
As we gazed on the clouds of blue and gold
In that Beautiful Sunset Land.

Oh, those golden hours
Have fled on wings,
And closed are those lips of clay,
But I hope to meet my love again
In that home of eternal day.
I long to stand by her side once more

And smile on her soft blue eyes,
And press her to my heart again
Beyond the star-lit skies.
I long to smile on her golden locks,
And press her snowy hand,
And plant a kiss on her rosy lips
In that Beautiful Sunset Land.

ASHES TO ASHES AND DUST TO DUST

Silently, laid in his youthful bloom,
'Neath the falling shades
Of the cold, gray tomb,
Where the autumn shadows fall silently round,
There lay him so softly and tenderly down.

There shall he lie in the mould and the rust,
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust;
And there in the twilight cold and gray,
His form shall rest till the Perfect Day.

His sorrows are over, his life work is done,
No rust shall corrode with the rising sun;
No moth shall devour, and no thieves shall
break in,
For his spirit has fled from the shadows of sin.

His form rests in peace 'neath the dew and
the sod.

And his soul marches on with the legions of God;
In the sunshine of youth all his sorrows are o'er,
And he sings with the saints on that evergreen
shore.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Yes, Lincoln arose from the humble,
To pilot the old "Ship of State,"
And he fell as a grand, fearless Martyr
'Neath the grim silent message of Fate.

He saw this broad land washed in blood stain,
And the star spangled banner go down,
And beneath the foul footsteps of Treason
It was trod 'neath an enemy's frown.

But he stood by the down-trodden black race,
By the flag of his country and God,
And his fame shall march down through the
ages,
Though he sleeps 'neath the dew and the sod.

Rest on in thy slumbers! Oh Lincoln,
Till the glorious break of the dawn,
As the ages roll on in their splendor
Till their endless procession is gone.

Abraham Lincoln

And thy deeds, thou immortal Lincoln,
Shall live on till the Perfect Day
When these pillars of cold gray marble
Shall have crumbled to ashes away.

BE SOMEBODY

You've bummed 'round here
'Bout long enough,
Just show them you're made
Of the right kind of stuff,
And "Be Some Body."

Don't lay 'round, drink whiskey,
And gamble and cuss,
And every five minutes get into a fuss!
Don't loaf on goods boxes, play cards and
dance!

Success will soon come if you give it a chance.
Don't fool around and waste time,
And gamble and play with the dungeons of Hell
Till they've led you astray,
But "Be Some Body."

The road is as easy, the pathway as light
Just to turn against the Wrong.
With your face toward the Right.
Start right now; do not tarry, and falter and
stop,

Be Somebody

Push onward and upward, there's room at the top.
Please "Be Some Body."

What's the use to be ornery,
And shunned by the rest
When you might just as well
Be considered the best.

What's the use to be a drunkard
A laggard, a drone?
When you might just as well be a King on
throne.

What's the use to get nervous
Faint hearted and pale,
And think all the time
That you're going to fail?
Push right up to the front,
Strike hard when you hit!
Just show to the world,
You've got the grit!
For God's sake Brace up!
And "Be Some Body."

TRUE WEALTH

I would rather live in a cottage small
Where the warbling birds of Springtime call
With a happy wife to love me dear,
And fill my heart with heavenly cheer,
And sweet contented children gay
To welcome me home at the close of day,
Than to live in a palace of marble and gold,
 With the scorns of a Pride,
That is heartless and cold,
 With the grandeur of wealth,
And the blindness of Power,
 That can last at its most,
But a feverish hour.

I would rather look to that mansion above
To that home of peace and joy and love,
And that Wealth that fadeth not away
 Which I shall claim on that Perfect Day.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Let empires rise, and kingdoms fall,
And great men pass away,
Still may the glorious stars and stripes
Adorn the break of day.

Should Greece and Rome shake off their dust,
And gain their giant sway
They could not place a brighter star
On twilight's robes of gray.

Though England rears her Edwards great
Or Gladstones by the score,
How many Roosevelts can she place
On Times immortal shore.

Napoleon's men surprised the world
His navies wrecked the sea,
But Roosevelt's peaceful victories won
The great land of the free.

Let Caesar shed the rust of time
And cast aside the grave

Theodore Roosevelt

To stare upon a greater Rome,
Than Europe ever gave.

Though Lincoln bound the nation's wounds
And greatness did display,
The dove of peace has hovered o'er
The ruler of our day.

May rulers rise to awe the world,
Their navies sweep the sea;
Long may such rulers hold in dower
The great land of the free.

Let Freedom's starry banner wave,
Let fleets the cannons roar
Until his gain has been the last
Of fame's unending store.

THE DEVIL'S "WANT COLUMN"

Wanted, a man that can blackguard and swear,
Wanted, a man that can get on a tear,
Wanted, a man that can puff cigarettes.
A man that plays cards, lies and gambles and
bets.

Wanted, a man that beats his wife,
That don't love his children or care for their
life.

Wanted, a man that has hurried through school
That has bummed 'round the stores
On a goods box or stool.

Wanted, a man, when the boss ain't at work,
That will lay 'round and sleep,
Have a good time and shirk.

One that talks 'bout his neighbors,
And cheats when he can.

One that don't go to Church—
He's the kind of a man.

Wanted, one that thinks more of style than
real needs

One that kills out the grass

The Devil's Want Column

To give room for the weeds.
One that steals, hates his God
Robs poor widows and then—
For Hell is filled up to the top with such men.

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS

Take me back to childhood's hours,
Back among the birds and flowers.
Take my burdened soul along,
Let me hear the mock bird's song.

Let me see the meadows wide
With verdant forests on each side,
That I might live those sweet hours o'er,
And visit memory's golden shore.

Throw aside my crown of care,
Take me back to mother dear,
That I might wander 'neath the trees
And hear the songs of birds and bees.

Take O, take me back once more,
Back to childhood's golden shore.
Let me hear the songs of birds,
Let me see the lowing herds.

Let me to the woodland go,
Where the sweetest breezes blow.
Take me back among the flowers.
Take me back to childhood's hours.

THE DEAR OLD COUNTRY SCHOOL

The final day confronts us,
And we children all must part,
I cannot bear the sorrow,
That enwraps my broken heart.

Oh, well do I remember
How I learned my A. B. C's.
While the little birds sang praises
In all the leafy trees.

Dear happy faces greet me,
Sweet rosy cheeks, blue eyes
Will close in death—I'll meet them
Beyond the starry skies.

Those were sweet bygone days,
When we romped in shadows cool.
We must part in tears and sorrow
In the dear old country school.

Oh, the dear old country school,
Oh, the dear old country school,

The Dear Old Country School

Where the Teacher used to teach us,
With the dreaded hickory rule.

Oh, those days are all gone by,
And we cannot live them o'er
We will all gaze sadly backward
To fond Memory's golden shore.

We must all learn Life's hard lesson,
Time is listless cold and cruel.
There are things to not be mastered
In the dear old country school.

We will never meet again
'Neath the gray oak's shadows cool,
With the birds and bees and sunshine
In the dear old country school.

THE CROSS-ROADS

In the bloom of youth as we look down the silent vista of years, we behold two roadways leading in opposite directions.

One is broad and beautiful, the other is uninviting, and hard to follow.

The Broadway is lined on either side with beautiful flowers, and towering pines.

The helpless wanderer is lured to this side and that by the soft mellow strains of the sweetest music.

Beautiful women smilingly take him by the hand and lead him blindly on.

Almost before he is aware he is standing before the bar.

Poor helpless wretch. He takes his first glass.

In his imagination, as he raises it to his lips he can see his old gray haired mother beckoning to him from the realms of Paradise, imploring him, with tears in her eyes, to keep his promise he had made her on her death-bed, to always be a good boy.

The Cross Roads

How his conscience stings him.

In his heart he avows to be a better man,
but his will power is gone.

He takes another glass, and still another.

He goes to the ball room, the gambling den,
the murderer's grave and Hell.

Alas—if he had only taken the other road!
I will grant, that it is narrow.

Here and there are hidden pitfalls.

Now and then a cloudy day, and a few
trials and troubles, a hill now and then to climb.

A tear now and then to shed, but they are
only tests, that fit us for all Eternity.

In the vigor of manhood, as you stand
ready you must travel one of these two roads.

One is broad, lined on either side with
flowers and sunshine, and leads to Hell.

The other is narrow, and filled with trials
and tribulations and leads to eternal life.

Which of these two roads will you travel?

GREATNESS

What is greatness in this World
Full of sorrow and of strife?
That which heroes doth unfurl
On the battle field of Life.

It is not time's architects
Rising in their power and fame
Leaving Life's sea strewn with wrecks,
That deserve immortal name.

'Tis the man with mind that's willing
To protect us for the Right.
To go forth in the wide world's battles,
And be victor in the fight.

Alexander was the victor
O'er the conquered men of Tyre,
But it did not make him greater
When he slew with sword and fire.

To be great we must know our weakness
For we come but from the clod,
And we're but the humble'st creatures
Placed beneath the hand of God.

COLUMBIA THE CONQUEROR

When England rose in boundless wrath
To harm her daughter o'er the sea,
She trampled in the narrow path,
That made our land of Liberty.

They came like Tyrants from a throne
Obedience to their laws compel,
But they by Right were o'er thrown,
And like the Romans rose and fell,

Yes, and their British blood was spilled
They sank upon a conquered knee.
Their greatest wishes were unfilled—
To rule this great land of the free.

The sons of men of Pilgrim fame
Stood like the mighty hosts of old,
Arose from their baptismal name,
And won the glorious land we hold.

They came not from the monarch's throne
To make some weaker people yield,

Columbia, The Conqueror

They came not in their royal robes
To win fame on the battle field.

Our fathers left their homes of peace
To stand for sacred Rights of God,
The monarch's iron sway to cease,
And win the land on which we trod.

We are the men to face the storm
To watch the turning hands of Fate,
To stand through thrilling times of harm,
And rightly steer the "Ship of State."

Long may Columbia's banner wave
In peaceful folds high in the air
To triumph o'er the conquered grave,
And stand in might for Freedom fair.

Long, long may live this glorious land;
Long may Columbia's banner wave.
Long may her peaceful glories stand
For homes of freedom and of brave.

AFFECTION

I knelt before her smile in reverent thought
And pressed on her sweet lips a loving kiss.
I asked myself—What grander hath God
wrought?

These rosy cheeks the sweetest of Heaven's
bliss.

I squeezed her soft white hand in tender'st
care.

And pressed her to my heart in deepest love,
And from my eyes fell many a joyful tear
While the angels gazed in rapture from
Heaven above.

Her blue eyes smiled in precious love divine.

In golden ringlets hung her yellow hair,
And I softly whispered will you please "Be
Mine?"

Though, I ill deserve your smile so pure
and fair.

And still I linger as the years roll by,
For just one kiss, and a smile from her deep
blue eye.

IMMORTALITY

There is something mighty
Beyond Time's shining face,
Where Muses wander,
And the mystic chord
Strikes not the heart of mortal being.
Where the power of Worlds
Sits on the great white throne,
And beckons from the dim blue vaults-
To flying Time to leave no trace
Upon the endless chain of passing ages.

When Spirits sound the bugle blast,
And golden trains stop still,
When heated circuits are amazed,
And swinging globes fall
From accustomed paths.
When massive works are opened.
And the ringing accents
Pierce the distant caves:
When Creation's King stands unarrayed
And mystic secrets lie unfold

Immortality

The mightiest of the mighty
Commingle and converse condition's goal.

The tiniest flower that decks the water's edge
Unfolds the self same tale
Of valued volumes old
Springs from the darkened mould
Blooms, falls to clay again to spring
In Future's son and shower
Continues thus through Nature's passing train.

Night's silvery lamp
Or daylight's massive beacon
Arises in the start,
And sees it to the end,
But as we see adorns another spell,
And nothing is destroyed,
But changed in form,

Oh, Master of Nations
Builder and destroyer of Worlds
Shape thee our destinies,

Immortality

As thou would's't do.
We are as it were
A pinch of mortal dust
Cast careless on the winds,
To fall to sordid earth,
And spring in Heaven's light,
Or go sadly down to eternal fires,
And everlasting Death.
As we select beyond the Pearly gates
Or join that endless throng,
Where Satan rules supreme.

LOST

I heard a voice from out Eternity,
 Echoing down the silent vista of years,
In accents dim, disconsolate and free.

 With a maddened glare I gazed through
 bitter tears.

I saw a dim, weird specter wrapped in white,
 Beckoning to me to cross the silent wave.
I felt the chilling frosts of Death's cold blight,
 And 'round me fell the darkness of the grave.
The black and angry billows 'round me lashed.

 I heard the tolling of the gurgling knell,
My frail bark on the waves then madly dashed.
 I said then—Tell me, Specter, is this Hell?

I listened to the weeping of the lost,
 The hopeless wail and gnashing then of teeth.
My poor soul then in glaring flame was tossed,
 Where I, throughout all time, must groan
 and writhe

He drew his bloody dagger from my heart.
 He then rose slowly from the silent strife.
His grinning skeleton echoed "Thou are Lost"
 Go on thou Wretch. This is Eternal Life.

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO
MEN"

Night's silvery veil hung low
On the Jordan's golden flow,
And the hills and valleys round
Echoed with a holy sound,
And bright angels seemed to fly
From beyond the star-lit sky.

All the prophecies foretold.
From Creation grand and old
How God's legends had unfurled,
From the making of the World
Of the coming of that gem
On the plains of Bethlehem.

Gold winged Seraphs led the way,
In the twilight's silvery gray,
And sweet Anthems softly rose
On the morning's deep repose,
And words sounded from the glen
"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Peace On Earth, Good Will To Man

In the manger cradle lay,
At the break of golden Day
'Neath the gaze of sages wise
Led there 'neath the starlit skies.
Led to where Sweet Mary lay
In the morning cold and gray.

Through the marble halls of time
Through the reign of War and Crime
Since he died upon the cross,
We have suffered from his loss.

Upward then he turned his eyes,
Toward the clear and crystal skies,
And his spirit grand and true
Said "They know not what they do
Cursed I am, but leave them free
On these plains of Galilee."
And beneath that crown of thorns
Mangled with the captors scorns
Suffered, died, ascended then
Christ, who died for good of men.

Peace On Earth, Good Will To Man

Live thou on Oh precious Lamb!
Ring thou bells of Bethlehem!
Sing thy praises just as then,
“Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.”

DRIFTING

We are drifting, drifting, drifting,
Toward that cold and silent clime.
We are drifting, drifting, drifting,
Down the silent stream of time.

Idle tears and bitter heartaches,
Pale, cold faces haunt my dream,
With the moaning of the billows,
As I float along the stream.

Man without a purpose falters,
With a face down cast and pale,
Like a ship without a rudder,
He will sink before the gale.

In the great eternal silence
Soon the ages glide away,
And the chilling frosts of autumn
Kill the lovely flowers of May.

In sad tears I often wonder
Why some men will drift along,

Drifting

With their weary lives still trailing
In the thorny path of Wrong.

Why will man imperial, God-like,
Stoop to be a shackeled slave?
Why will men who might be angels
Fill at last a drunkard's grave?

There are men who stand and beckon,
And their ragged ranks still swell,
As they stagger, poor sad outcasts,
Down that awful path to Hell.

How their poor souls shriek in torture
How their bleared eyes fill with tears!
As their trembling, feeble, footsteps
Sweep the silent gulf of years.

Why should you, my dearest brother,
Drop your oars then by your side!
While your bark without a Pilot
Drifts and floats along the tide.

Drifting

Who could not float with the current?
Who could not drift with the crowd?
Just to hear their noisy plaudits,
As they ring so grand and loud.

But to row against the current
Takes a different kind of man.
You must crush all opposition.
You must have a steadfast plan.

Yes the crowds will hiss and jeer you,
They will scorn you in their pride,
But no man ever reached the top
By drifting with the tide.

Have an ideal grand and lofty
In the distance high and far.
Strive and pray still toiling onward
Ever upward toward your star.

THE SEPARATION

Oh, could I but recall that morn
My heart was filled with sinful scorn
When last I pressed her to my heart;
Twas not to be. We had to part.
How dear she was? How sweet her smile.
Her face, it haunts me all the while.
She was my first, my only love;
The Seraphs smiled from heaven above.
While I gazed into her calm gray eyes
More beautiful than summer skies.
I mourn that loss, and always will;
I wonder if she loves me still.
I wonder if that raven hair,
So young, so beautiful and fair
Is streaked with gray?
I weep, I mourn, I turn away;
I would not, could not bear to stay,
That graceful form I still can see;
I wonder if she thinks of me.
If I could hold her hand in mine
And gaze into those eyes divine,

Separation

And call her once again my own,
This broken heart would cease to moan.
Betrothed were we. The day was set;
Long years have gone, I love her yet.
When we think of each the tear drop starts
From two once fond now broken hearts,
Could I, ere life's short pace is gone,
Recall love's sweet and rosy dawn,
My heart would leap from sorrow's chill,
I love her now and always will.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD

Have faith in God though black the storm
clouds roll,

And weary heart aches wear upon thy soul.

While here on earth your spirit finds no rest

Still believe in God. He knoweth what is best.

Men's ways may seem the wiser for a while,

Especially when Dame Fortune seems to smile.

His vast and long drawn purpose may seem

dim

But doubter lose not faith; believe still in him.

This universe was never made by chance,

Despite all theories infidels advance.

Ye doubters whom His mercy still forgives,

Down in your heart of hearts ye know he lives.

While yet your faltering feet earth's path ways

plod

Before it is too late have faith in God.

GOING WEST

It's not so bad to go out West
When you are sure you've done your best,
To greet the silvery evening star
When comes the hour to cross the bar.
It's not so bad to go out West,
And in the twilight sink to rest,
If passing o'er Death's crystal sea
Will make the world forever free.

It's not so bad to give your all,
And on the field of battle fall
If by your death, the world shall be
Made safer for democracy.
It's not so bad to go out West
Among Isles in their verdure drest,
If you must perish that your name
May shine upon the roll of fame.

It's not so bad to go out West,
And in Death's vestments bright be drest,
If going West to mankind brings

Going West

A finish to the rule of kings.
If our bright flag will grander shine
By falling in the battle line,
When all the world may thus be blest,
It's not so bad to go out West.

It's not so bad to go out West
And leave men such a rich bequest
To crush vast hosts that loudly brag,
When they insult our star lit flag.
'Twere better far we all were dead
Than have the Germans say they tread
Where heroes of our past now rest.
It's not so bad to go out West.

OUR NATIONAL FLAG

Its brilliant color of flaming red
Is the precious blood of our hero dead.
Its shining stripes of purest white,
From the milky way that streaks the night.
And its stars are set in a field of blue
The same as that of the sky's own hue.
It stands for a nation proud and free
As it floats on the masts of our ships at sea,
And Freedom's angels in radiance stand
As an honor guard while it waves o'er land,
For Washington ordered its fair folds made,
And Lincoln died for it unafraid.
They offered all and from Heaven drew
Its colors of red and white and blue.

At Lexington commons it made men thrill.
Its spirit triumphed at Bunker Hill,
At Gettysburg all men agree
Its bright folds made a whole race free.
Its colors bade men keep alive
In the crimson flow of the Argonne drive.

Our National Flag

The more men know it, the more they love
Its folds that float in the sky above.
The nations know it and with delight
Gaze at its blue and red and white.
Hats off all around the world
When our flag is seen with its stars unfurled,
For queens, and princes, and kings all know
It doesn't wave there in empty show,
For generals would spring up on every hill,
And armies with untold millions until
The old flag glittering with brilliant stars
And rippling fair with its silvery bars
Was victor proud in the bloody fight
Though the world arise in its iron might.

The ghosts of our heroes from other wars
From their graves would rise with their honored
scars
And our brave boys resting in Flanders field
Would never slumber and see us yield.
Till the last man there in the last ditch died

Our National Flag

Fighting to brighten our nation's pride,
Till the last red cent of our wealth was gone
And every drop of our hearts blood drawn,
We'd fight, fight, fight, in that greatest of wars
For the crimson stripes and the silver stars.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

You can not start with a monkey
And develop him into a man,
Nor a rose bush into a thorn tree
Though you try it again and again.
The great things are never accomplished
By the man who is only a bluff
For a man to be shaped to a diamond
Must be made of the diamond stuff.

The great schools may whittle and polish
And succeed well in hiding the worst
But never in life will he rise high
With out that ability first.
Mediocrity baffles his efforts
Though trying he seems hard enough,
He can never be shaped to a diamond
Unless make of the diamond stuff.

The great triumphs of intellect dazzling
And great though they certainly are
Can never be wrought by low talent

A Diamond in The Rough

Such minds never rise very far.
So friend of small talent, strive upward,
 Though it seems Fate has treated you rough,
For a man to be shaped to a diamond
 Must be made of the diamond stuff.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS

Get all of the joy that you can
From out of this life while you live,
Remembering always that you
Can't get more out of life than you give.
Not happiness born out of lust,
Not passions that cling to the flesh,
But joys of a cultured mind
That are ever immortal and fresh.

Happiness comes but to those
Who try to help others to live
As the children of God that love
And strive to uplift and forgive.
Great wealth does not happiness bring
Fine mansions oft' hold sad hearts.
Too often, down here in this life,
We rank morals with the lost arts.
Get all of the happiness, friend,
In this life here on earth that you can,
But be most sure when you're dead
All the world can say "there lived a man."

The Way to Happiness

Your talents were given to use.

Have you genius? Thank Heaven today.
Develop your body and mind. Do not let
your gifts rust away.

Thus only is happiness found. Thus only
can joy be yours.

While your spirit still clings to the flesh,
On Time's cold and merciless shores.

TODAY

The long creeping shadows of eventide play.
What have I done to help mankind today?
What have I done with each God given hour
To uplift the fallen, to increase my power?
Have I wasted my time in this day's brief so-
 journ?

Have I squandered the hours that shall never
 return?

What have I done with the seconds sublime
That glitter like jewels in the hour glass of time?
Have I used every moment with trembling and
 fear

Just as if 'twere the last I would ever spend
 here?

In this life with its joys and its sorrows ahead,
Have I shirked from my duty with terror and
 dread?

Or have I stood up like a dauntless soul can
And finished each task that was mine, like a
 man

Well knowing this day may for me be the last,

Today

Well knowing the years of this life are soon
passed.

If I should sink down to my death yet tonight
And my spirit should pass to the kindoms of
light,

What all have I done with real painstaking care
To make of this day the best day in the year.

THOUGH THE PATH BE RUGGED, WE'LL
CLIMB

We have started 'mid youth's fragrant Spring-
tide

To scale the steep summit of life

While the bright golden gates of the morning

Bid God speed as we enter the strife.

The road that we take shall be thorny.

Fame's path is not bordered with flowers,

So the only way to greatness

Is to toil while the chance is ours.

Each day shall bring sunshine and sorrow.

Each victory thus won is sublime.

For us there is no failure.

Though the path be rugged we'll climb.

The road to success is not easy.

If we walk those high paths, we must work,

For the midnight oil and the effort

Was not meant for the soul who'd shirk.

There are pitfalls and snares to encounter.

Temptation's dark doors open wide.

Though The Path Be Rugged, We'll Climb

False friends with their sharp darts of envy
Stand ready to humble our pride.
But still we shall climb toward the summit
Of the tall frowning mountain of life,
And defeat shall be turned into victory
Though sorrow and tears shall be rife.
For engraved on our hearts is this motto
"Aim high, trust in God, do your best."
We'll rise every time that we stumble
As we toil toward the dizzy crest.
When our life's sun hath reached to its zenith
Which shall be in its own good time,
We shall scale the heights of our journey,
Though the path be rugged, we'll climb.

When lastly our sun starts to lower
Toward the steeps of the western sky,
When our hearts feel the twilight shadows
And the years in their solitude fly,
As the stars of our evening shine brightly,
And the cold frosts of age slowly fall,

Though The Path Be Rugged, We'll Climb

May the crown of success grace our temples
As our feeble steps move toward the pall.
When the darkness of night o'ertakes us
When we sink into peaceful rest,
May we then wear our laurels of victory
When our sun shall have sunk in the West.
May our good deeds be sung by the angels
After marble has crumbled to dust.
Let our character shine like a jewel
'Mid the shadows of Time's damp rust,
That others who scale life's steep mountain
May inscribe as their motto sublime
These words, if need be, with their heart's
blood,
"Though the path be rugged, we'll climb."

EASY STREET

The man who is living on Easy Street,
Unconsciously tells of his own defeat.
He tells the world of his lack of grit,
How his job for him was a great misfit.
In a safe retreat from life's hard din,
He tells his friends what he might have been.
His neighbors know it but hate to tell
To his face, the truth they know so well,
But the fact remains, he's lost his nerve,
And the world will give him his just deserve
His brain power has weakened, his hands are
white.

He's lost life's battle and shakes with fright,
While his brother idlers, he now can greet
As he cumpers the side walks of Easy Street.

His back bone has weakened, poor limber thing
Till it bends with the ease of an apron string.
His courage has vanished, he ambles along
With scarcely a nod from the passing throng.
Retired from his task, he is taking the shade

Easy Street

With the most shiftless idlers the Lord has
made.

Society women now kill each day
With the nice little nothings they do and say.
They soothe his soul with their dancing and
whist,
And play with the truth they so carelessly
twist.

Perhaps they'll present him a loving cup
To bolster his drooping spirit up,
Till he thinks his station is hard to beat
As he loafs 'mid the pleasures of Easy Street.

The road to achievement was harder to go.
So he picked out a path, he could travel slow,
To row with the current and not up stream,
To always be popular rather than steam
To the lofty pitch where he'd lose some friends
Who were not worth keeping, to gain his ends.
The road of the lesser resistance smiles,
And beckons him onward for miles and miles

Easy Street

Till the Palace of Failure invites him in
With his back bone of rubber and Jay bird chin,
Till he sinks to the depths of a nameless grave
Tho' the world regarded him once as brave.
That's what he gets for his swift retreat
To the soul killing pleasures of Easy Street.

AMERICA

America, thy name sublime
Shall echo down the eons of time.
Thy sons are brave, thy daughters fair
As ever breathed sweet Freedom's air.
From North to South.
From East to West,
The nations say
That thou art blest.

Thy banner with its silvery stars
Upon the gold embroidered bars
Of sun set, waves from sea to sea
O'er this great land where men are free.
Its silken folds are world renowned.
Its furls have never touched the ground,
Thy sons, praise God, though die they must,
Shall never let it trail the dust.

Thy fame has spread. Thy mighty sons,
Thy Lincolns and thy Washingtons
With lives so great, with deeds so grand
Like lonely mountain peaks shall stand.

America

Bright beacon lights their deeds shall be
To guide the world, oh God, for thee.
Fair Liberty can can smile in pride
That men like these have lived and died.

Thou shalt not fall. On History's page
Thy fame shall live from age to age.
Thy gallant dead from wars gone by
Who in their earthly beds now lie
Would rise from their green graves to fight
A foreign nation's brutal might.
They could not sleep in death and see
Their sons kneel on a conquered knee.

As long as thou hast sons to fight
Thy battles in the cause of Right,
Until thy entire wealth is gone,
And thy last drop of blood is drawn,
Thy daughters pure shall never know
The chains forged by a foreign foe.
Thy children shall not walk as slaves
Where thy star spangled flag now waves.

NEVER GIVE UP

There's a niche if you wish to attain it
In the grand shining temple of fame
Where the world can smile sweetly forever
As it hears the loud praise of your name.

There are heights of achievement more lofty
Than proud Alexander e'er trod.
Great deeds have not all been accomplished
That were planned by an all wise God.

The golden age lies in the future.
Have courage my brother and strive
To do more than the past has accomplished
Show man kind you're really alive.

What's the use my dear friend to be grouchy
And sick half the time with the blues
In a world filled with music and sun shine
Which is yours if you only but choose.

There is only one road to achievement
If you wish to drink out of Fame's cup.
No difference how much you're defeated
Toil onward and never give up.

BACK AT HOME

'Tis a humble little cottage
Nestled there amid the pines
With the golden sun lit splendor
Falling o'er the purple vines,
Where the fragrant roses blossom
In their beauty near the door,
And the silvery brook still murmurs
Its sweet music as of yore.

Where the rows of flaming maples
Cast their foliage to the ground,
And the song birds leave the north land
For a happier climate bound,
And my soul is sad and lonely
As I grope here through the gloam
For I fancy that they miss me
From the fire side back at home.

And a little woman stands there
Watching, waiting, all the while.
In fond fancy, I can see her

Back at Home

With that gentle, winning smile,
Then a tear hid from the children,
For the days wear long and slow,
And the weary months drag heavily
Till the time shall come to go.

Then the baby yes the flaxen haired,
And blue eyed little Merl
With smile that will not wear away,
With teeth as white as pearl,
I fancy I can see him now
Stand in his little box
And crying "daddy" as all day,
He weeps and crawls and walks,
And wears his blue, white dotted dress,
And throws his dog and ball.
I oft times wonder if he doubts
His "dad" shall come at all.

Then gray eyed, laughing Francis dear
With soul so bright and gay,

Back at Home

Each hour my fancy knows he asks
 “Will daddy come today?”
And there my eldest lad stands up
 And will some anger hurl,
When mamma asks him to help care
 For laughing little Merl.

Oh no, it's not a palace vast
 Of marble, bronze, and gold,
With statues, busts, and paintings rare,
 Whose value is untold.
'Tis just a humble little place
 From which I dread to roam,
But love is there, and that is what
 It takes to make a home.

HEAVEN ON EARTH

There's heaven on earth if we seek it.

There's sunshine that each one should know.

The star spangled skies smile above us

And the green velvet valleys below.

The sweet roses blossom in gladness

And the birds sing in joy all day long.

The angels would gladly leave heaven

To live here where life is a song.

To breathe the sweet fragrance of May time

Or the clover fields knee deep in June,

Or to dream of the days gone for ever,

When we listened to love's sweet tune,

Or to hear those old songs of my child hood,

That I learned when my life was so free

In the dusk of the years that have flown,

Is Heaven enough for me.

THE RECONCILIATION

If you would only love me
My darling little girl,
The angels beyond the starlit skies
Would smile from their gates of pearl.

The clouds would change into sunshine
And the darkest hour into day.
I can see thy blue eyes smiling
As I look in the distance away.

Now darling don't you love me still?
Will you promise to ever be true?
For I shall ever love you dear,
No other one but you.

And now that you left me weeping
When you left 'mid the roses of May,
How many tears have you shed for me
Since you left on that summer day.

How many heart aches have you had?
My thoughts are all with thee.

The Reconciliation

How many prayers my darling dear
Have you breathed to heaven for me?

Hark! 'Tis the sound of foot steps
And the door is open wide,
And the girl is standing before me
That once was my happy bride.

In a loving embrace she enfolds me
And she showers me with kisses and **tears**
And we knelt at the grave of our little **child**
That we lost in the by-gone years.

**“IF YOU CAN’T SPEAK WELL OF PEOPLE
DON’T SAY ANYTHING AT ALL.”**

As you travel life’s hard journey
From the cradle to the grave,
And you see men’s petty weakness
Side by side with heroes brave,
Try to see the good in people
You will find it if you look.
Good is in the blackest villain
That you ever under took.

Scatter sunshine in your pathway.
Lift your fallen brother up;
Do not try to kick him downward,
Sprinkle kindness from your cup.
Don’t speak slightly of your neighbor,
Let the seeds of sunshine fall,
If you can’t say something cheerful
Don’t say anything at all.

Scatter flowers along your pathway.
Let the sweet canaries sing,

If You Can't Speak Well of People, Say Nothing at All

If you haven't tried it, do so!

It will make of you a King.

Life to you is what you make it.

It is true some men will fall.

If you can't speak of their virtue

Don't say anything at all.

Don't be telling of their weakness.

You are not the one to say.

Try to cheer the poor old widow,

Try to make life bright and gay.

Judge not, you may be found wanting;

Don't be low and mean and small.

If you cannot justly praise them

Don't say anything at all.

Don't just look for faults; you'll find them

Anywhere you chance to tread.

Do not try the dangerous quicksand.

Do not drift that far from God.

Don't get way down there in Life's scale,

If You Can't Speak Well of People, Say Nothing at All

In the mud and muck and mire,
If you look for faults or virtues
You will find what you desire.
Don't pick flaws while traveling downward
Towards the shadow of the Pall;
If you can't speak of men's praises
Don't say anything at all.

Lend a strong arm to the helpless,
Try to make your life worth while;
Cheer the poor sad hearted orphan
With a kind word and a smile,
Let the roses bloom in fragrance,
Where your steps by chance may fall;
If you can't speak good of people
Don't say anything at all.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The white chief trods the silent course.
Where Warriors winged their way.
A prouder man than Caesar walked
In Rome's imperial day.

The wailing pines on the ocean shore,
Their Northern welcomes sing,
As the solemn sound of song and prayer
Through pathless forests ring.

No more the painted Warrior
Leaves his tracks upon the sand;
No more the peaceful settler falls
Beneath his bloody hand.

The golden sun comes from the East
To shade the Western glen,
And throw his glorious shadows
On a higher race of men.

The Pilgrim fathers braved the storm
Across the billowed way,

The Pilgrim Fathers

And built their roaring camp fires
Where a nation's cradle lay.

Around the roaring camp they sang
Of England's mountains gray;
Of marble statues, castle walls,
And Ruler's merciless sway.

They left their childhood's happy home
To worship thus afar;
To pierce a burning desert wide,
Beneath a Western Star.

They made an altar of the oak,
A temple of the sky,
To live and worship as they pleased
Their mighty God on high.

What have they done? The heathen cries,
As comes the mighty throng
When all the nation joins in chorus
In one grand solemn song.

The Pilgrim Fathers

When o'er the city's constant din
The flag of freedom looms,
And from the mountain's snowy height
The rusty cannon booms.

The prided yankee straightens up,
And says in quick reply:
This is the most almighty power
That stands beneath the sky.

The Pilgrim Father's children rise,
A nation 'neath their sway
Has risen in the golden West
To grace the Judgment Day.

Those grand old men have fallen,
Not upon the field of Wrath;
In the march of flying legions
They have crossed time's silent path.

No marble statues tell their deeds
Of battles bravely won

The Pilgrim Fathers

Upon New England's rocky plains
Beneath a burning sun.

May Empires fall to silent dust,
And fondest hearts decay,
To leave their deeds like vespers shine
Upon the twilight's gray.

THE RESURRECTION

The silver bells of Paradise
Shall toll in mournful rhyme,
And the silent graves shall open
On the cold dumb shores of time.

The Nations of the earth shall stand
In solemn vast array,
The crystal skies shall quickly melt
In fervent heat away.

The Master of the earth shall part
The Nations left and right,
And all his legions then shall stand
In Heaven's holy light.

The spirits of the lost will sink
In terror wild and dire;
Their weeping wretched souls shall burn
In awful lakes of fire.

The tortures of an awful Hell
Will blast immortal bloom,

The Resurrection

A living death will be the end
Of Time's remorseless doom.

The holy saints of Paradise
Will sing in deathless song,
And sweetest peace will fall around
That great and silent throng.

The mortal sons of men shall speak
From silent lips of clay,
And sing around the throne of God
Upon that Perfect Day.

OLD SWEETHEART DAYS

Give to me my cottage, and my little sweet-
heart gay

Whose smiles and warm embraces can be mine
the entire day,

Whose rosy lips with kisses sweet are waiting
my return

Each evening with what money from my labor
I can earn.

Give to me my sweetheart whose bright eyes of
heavenly blue

In silent language tell me that her love is ever
true.

And I'll forego all honors that this world per-
chance would heap

Upon my name. Their plaudits and their
fame they well may keep.

Give to me my sweetheart with her children
at my knees

Within our little cottage 'neath the golden
maple trees

Old Sweetheart Days

Beside the silvery brooklet where the amber
sunlight falls,
And purple vines are creeping o'er the little
cottage walls,
And I'll have all the heaven that this life on
earth can bring,
A joyous love unknown to the palace of a king.
Give to me my sweetheart and my fireside
bright and warm,
And we will travel westward toward Death's
twilight arm in arm.

Give to me my sweetheart who will love me
when I fail,
And fall on life's hard journey with a spirit
broke and frail,
The same as when I'm climbing up the daz-
zling heights of fame
When all the world does honor to the splendor
of my name.
Give to me my sweetheart who will ornament
my home

Old Sweetheart Days

With love and joy and sunshine when my soul
would cease to roam.
And you can take your greatness with its
emptiness and frills,
And with my true love smiling 'mid the fra-
grance of the hills,
We'll live in peace and gladness where the
blushing roses bloom,
Where blue birds sweetly warble 'mid the
Springtime's rare perfume
And fleeting Time can vanish on Life's storm
tossed billowy foam
While we embrace with kisses in our cozy little
home.

OUR FALLEN HEROES

Let our heroes sleep in peace
 Neath the flowers of martyred France,
In that brave land of the free
 Where they stopped the foe's advance.
Let them slumber where they fought
 For the land they loved so well.
Costly marble shafts and bronze
 Their bright deeds shall nobly tell.
On the hearts of all man kind
 That proud story is engraved
How they shed their life's red blood
 For the flag their courage saved.

May Columbia's angels guard
 By their green and narrow bed
Where our star lit banner floats
 O'er that army of the dead.
Let them sleep in Flanders fields
 Where the crimson poppies blow,
In the Argonne where they saw
 Their life's blood like water flow.

Our Fallen Heroes

On proud Chateau-Thierry's steeps
Let them slumber where they lie,
'Neath the cold, bleak, Russian snows
And the blue Italian sky.

They have given their best wealth.
Their brave lives went nobly out
Where the shining angels are
'Mid the battle's noisy shout.
Let them slumber neath the flowers
Of the land they fought to save.
Let our glorious starry flag,
And the proud tri-colors wave.
In the land of Lafayette
They have perished, but their name
Through the ages bright shall shine
On the gilded heights of fame.

Gray haired mothers bent and old
Stand no longer at the gate
Waiting for their hero dead,

Our Fallen Heroes

For they know their awful fate.
Sweet hearts in their tears have ceased
Watching for their warrior bold.
Wives and children know too well
How he lies so still and cold.
Let them slumber neath the chill
Of the Winter's sleet and snows,
Where the wooden crosses smile
Neath the fragrance of the rose.
Why remove their peaceful dust
From the vine clad slopes of France?
Let them slumber where they fell
As they stopped the foes advance.

AMERICA FIRST

'Tis America first, let her glory be sung.
No matter what land from whose breasts you
 have sprung,
No matter what banner your hands have once
 raised,
Our starry flag now is the one to be praised.
No matter what land from whose portals you've
 hailed,
No matter what flag neath whose folds you have
 sailed,
When our star spangled flag on your vision
 has burst,
With a fearless heart stand for America first.

Ye men from the old world who fervently cling
To the nation you left, where they bow to a
 king,
Oh foreigner why, when we're forced into war,
Do you side with your home land and deeply
 abhor
Our flag with its freedom? Why offer to fight

America First

For the foe, when you know that our nation
is right?

You've stood 'neath its banner, you've hoarded
up gold,

You've married its women, and now we behold,
When you're asked to go fight for our fire sides,
instead

You side with the land from whose kings you
have fled.

It's time now to change when it comes to the
worst.

Let this be your motto, America first.

If in peace time its good, as you aliens all do,
To sing songs of praise for the red, white and
blue,

It's as good then in war to step forward and say
Your're ready to die for our country today.
If you fail, you should face with their rifles all
drawn

A firing squad prompt at the breaking of dawn.,

America First

Or be shipped again in a traitors black shame
To that Fatherland proud from whose borders
 you came
To that land in whose grandeur you seem so
 well versed
We Yankees all stand for America first.

MISSOURI

In the Mississippi valley,
Like a jewel rare she stands,
As her countless silvery rivers
Roll across her golden sands,
And her fragrant roses blossom,
As they join in glad refrain
With the pines and firs and hemlocks
On the snow clad hills of Maine.

The wild Atlantic billows
Dash a tribute to her name,
And the calm Pacific breakers
Beat in joyous glad acclaim,
While her sister states in tribute
Lay their garlands at her feet,
As Missouri spreads in grandeur
With her empire broad and sweet.

Her sister states entwine her
In a loving fond embrace,
Mighty Europe throws caresses
At Missouri's smiling face,

Missouri

And the nations of the "Old World"

Far across the crystal seas
Love to see her star lit banner,
As it floats upon the breeze.

On the North is grand old Iowa

On the West lies Kansas great,
As her golden store of harvest
Spreads across that prairie state,
And old Arkansas lies smiling
To the southward far away,
While Kentucky's blue grass pastures
Join her robes of brown and gray.

And old Illinois looks Westward,

As her prairies smile in glee.
On the East the Mississippi
Courses onward to the sea.
Old Missouri, proud-majestic,
Stretches grandly far away,
Many million brave hearts linger
Neath her proud gigantic sway.

Missouri

Her broad expanse is greater
Than old England—She that slew,
All the hosts of proud Napoleon
On the field of Waterloo.
Grand she vies the German Empire
Whose vast armies as they beat
To the sound of War's shrill music
Shake all Europe 'neath their feet.

O'er her plains, ten thousand streamlets
From the Rockies clad in snow,
In their green banks softly murmur,
As they onward gently flow,
Silvery rivaulets softly whisper
And her shady woodland rings,
With the clear and liquid laughter
Of her myriad crystal springs.

Mighty forests cool and shady,
Gray oaks gnarled in countless forms
With their mossy boughs like sentinels grim

Missouri

Defy the wrath of storms.
Broad expanse of prairies endless,
 Wrapt in blue grass rich and sweet,
Smiling hills and smoky valleys
 Richly robed in golden wheat.

Corn fields stretch to the horizon's brim,
 With silvery silken threads,
Where smiling skies bend kindly down
 To kiss the tasseled heads.
Blue grass—gorgeous bridal costume
 Of the smiling blushing spring.
Faded robes of dying autumn
 Where the feathered minstrels sing,
Verdant clover blossoms fragrant,
 Winter's snowy mantle cold,
And the emerald hues of Summer
 With her fields of blue and gold.

Countless rosy, tinted sunsets
 Kiss her purple, Ozark Hills.

Missouri

Far across her verdant valleys
Gush the music of her rills.
In her orchards reddened apples,
Grace old autumn's mellow dream,
While her blushing peaches ripen,
Streaked with pink and yellow cream.

Mighty herds in blue grass pastures
Shake their shining sides and graze
While the dim blue landscape glimmers
In the Indian Summer's haze
And the swarm of noisy blackbirds
To the southland gladly flew
While the flocks drank from the grass blades
Of the drops of jewel dew.

Far across her amber hill tops,
Autumn's purple clusters shine,
In her cool and shady wood lands,
Summer's fragrant roses twine,
Proud the towering snowclad Rockies

Missouri

Smile in silent lofty glee,
As across her jeweled bosom,
Rush her rivaulets to the sea.

Neath her richest soil are minerals
Under hill and silent glen,
Enough of coal to warm the hearths
Of all the sons of men.

Cities, countless, vast, and mighty
Rise in grandeur proud and vain,
As they dot her fertile surface
Over hill and dale and plain.
Chillicothe, Springfield, Macon,
St. Joe, Carthage in their pride,
Joplin, St. Charles, Independence,
Rise upon her prairies wide.
Kansas City that bright star
Glow like a diamond in her crown,
On the East proud old St. Louis
Wears her gloomy classic frown.

Missouri

Unseen spirits of the air
Sweep through her woodland bowers,
Bearing on their perfumed lips,
The scent of countless flowers
As over all skies painted bright
With magic's wondrous hue,
With ever changing colors green,
And shades of softest blue.
While on the silvery tinted clouds,
That gild the Western fold,
The flood of yellow sunlight falls
Like waves of brodered gold.

Many of her men have placed
The splendor of their name
To glitter through the ages,
In the marble hall of fame.
Eugene Field, the poet
Wore the author's classic robe,
And flung the brilliant splendor
Of his name around the globe.

Missouri

And Mark Twain's worldly wisdom
Filled with humor's smiles and chaff,
Quickly wreathed man's face, in gladness
As he made the whole world laugh.

Thomas Benton's brilliant genius,
Through the silent flight of years,
With his statesmanship filled Senates
With appaluse and wildest cheers.
While among her greatest leaders
Who have made a shining mark,
She can't afford a moment
To forget to name Champ Clark,
As the centuries pass in silence
To that cold, mysterious biourne
From out whose stifling darkness
They shall never more return.

And General John J. Pershing's mighty war
like genius freed
The world of kings and Kaisers

Missouri

He the hero from Laclede.
And the stars and stripes shine brighter
Since that grand, heroic day
When at Chateau Thiery, Yankees
Broke the lines of German gray.

Proud history loves to tell the tale,
Of how her dauntless braves,
Marched forth upon the battlefield
To rest in unmarked graves,
With a patriotism unsurpassed
That never knew to yield
A bravery with bright laurels
Won on many a crimson field.
Gray marble loves to tell the tale,
And storied urn and bust,
Will praise their deeds.

When monuments have crumbled back to
dust
And Orators with tongues of fire
Relate in heated breath,

Missouri

How old Missouri's sons went forth
To Victory or Death.

And poets sing in deathless rhyme,
Of her boys in blue and gray,
Who neath the fragrant
Roses sleep unto the perfect Day.
Fond mother's prayers and dear caress,
And Sweetheart's bitter tears
Can never wake those gallant sons
Who sleep away the years.

And high our starry flag still floats,
Where cool the breezes beat
Across the nation of the free,
That never knew defeat.
In such a land,
Beneath such skies,
Where proud our banners wave,
Missouri's sons could not be less
Than bravest of the brave.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

We must make the great adventure
Through Death's portals one and all,
Though perchance with great reluctance
We shall answer to the call.
And our earthly tasks shall languish
As our silent silvery bark
Braves the angry storm tossed billows
Though the awful star-less dark.

No avoidance of the journey
Lies within our feeble grasp,
Though we cling to what is mundane,
And the last straw we will clasp.
'Tis the way man kind must travel.
'Tis the race that all must run.
'Tis our course to travel westward
Toward the setting of the sun.

There's no way of turning backward
From the trip when once we start
Though great fear may fill our spirit,
And an iciness of heart

The Great Adventure

Makes us shrink with terror backward,
Still our bark must travel on
Till the patient stars shine brightly
Through the curtains of the dawn.

If we all must make the journey,
It is wisdom to prepare,
Ere too late, to travel westward
To those islands bright and fair.
So to live this brief existence,
That when last we hear the call
Of the captain we can journey
With contentment toward the pall.

So to live that when the angels
In the crystal mansions sing,
We can answer to the summons
Of our high and heavenly king
With a cheerfulness of spirit
When at last we've passed out West
In the gold embroidered twilight
When our soul has gone to rest.

BACK TO THE FARM

I'm going to leave the city
And go back again to the farm,
Go back to the bright green country
Where the wild bees fly and swarm,
Where the dew drops sparkle like diamonds
On the blades of the emerald grass
And the clover blooms waft their fragrance
To the balmy breezes that pass.
I am going again to the country
Where the yellow dandelions nod.
Where the blue birds warble their music
And the wild flowers spring from the sod.
Where the mocking bird chants her solo
From the top of an apple bough
And the robins hop in the furrow
That is made by the farmer's plow
Where the blue bells smile in their fragrance
Neath the glittering drops of the rain
And a lonely bob white whistles
From the billows of golden grain.
Where the Whippoorwills sing in the star light

Back to the Farm

Mid the even tide's shadows pale,
Where the moon beams fall so mellow
In silence o'er hill and dale.
I'm going again to the country
For I'm tired of life in town.
The lure of the smoky city
Has for me but a classic frown,
I'm weary of marble driveways,
Of the factory's noisy din,
Of whistles and trains and street cars
That hide the corruption and sin.
I'm going again to the country
Where the silvry brooklet trills
Where the amber tinted sunrise
Paints brightly the gray old hills.
Where the voices of Nature call me
From every shady retreat
Where the roses bloom fresh in their beauty
And the lilies spring up neath my feet,
Where the snowy white orchard blossoms
Like flakes hide the boughs of green,

Back to the Farm

And the yellow sun kissed splendor
 Falls softly from skies serene,
I'm going away from the city
 I'm going again to the farm.
To the old home place where the shade trees
 Have still such a subtle charm.
I'm going again to the woodlands,
 Back home to the flocks and the herds,
Where the forests ring with the music
 Set free by the beavies of birds,
Back home mid the joys of the seed time
 Where the children of God should be
Mid the golden harvests of Autumn
 The farm is the place for me.

THE GREED FOR GOLD

I do not wish to join in the rush
For lands and diamonds and silver and gold.
This wise old world is going mad
O'er riches that only a few can hold.
Only a choicest few can live
In marble mansions and vast estate,
Tis not the silk gloved millionaire
With his pile of gold who is truly great.

'Tis not the broad cloth suits you wear.
Tis not your diamonds that sparkle bright.
'Tis not the private cars that you own
That give you honor and fame and might.
'Tis not how much of this proud world's wealth
You call your own when you make your will,
'Tis not vast farms whose fertile lands
You force your servants to watch and till,
The question is how much have you done
To make men better where ever you live?
'Tis not how much you take from men
But rather the question how much you give,

The Greed for Gold

'Tis character first that you need of all
Then reputation and brains and grit
If you lack the first you are poor indeed
And the world don't care for your able wit.

'Tis better to live in a poor log hut
Where woodbines hover and warblers sing
With the high esteem of your fellow man
Than to live in a palace and be a king
With character tarnished, with wealth untold
Of diamonds and castles and silver and gold.

THE THOUSAND YEARS OF PEACE

That mighty age is dawning
When the nations of the earth
Shall enter on an era
Of a new and grander birth,
When kings shall cease to conquer
With the scepter and the sword,
And the steel clad hosts shall rally
'Neath the banner of our Lord.
The reign of peace is coming
And will sway the entire world.
The flag of truce will flutter
In its righteousness unfurled.
The mighty word of God shall rule
The heart of empires then,
And conflicts shall be settled
By the genius of the pen,
The armed hosts of the nations
Shall at last lay down their arms
And sweetest peace shall cherish
In mens souls its brightest charms.

The Thousand Years of Peace

Their rotten fleets shall slumber
 In the bottom of the sea,
And man from war's cruel crimson
 Shall be set forever free,
Their massive forts shall crumble
 Back again to silent dust,
The sabre shall be covered o'er
 With Time's corroding rust.

Their boomng guns shall silence
 And their marching hosts shall cease
And the clash of arms shall vanish
 In the thousand years of peace.
The great war captains vanquished
 Still shall live on history's page.
Their deeds shall shine resplendent
 In a glorious by gone age.
Their names embalmed in memory
 Shall survive the wrecks of time,
And their eulogies shall glitter
 In the epitomes of rhyme.

The Thousand Years of Peace

Their swords shall turn to plow shares.

They will never fight again.

Their battle fields forgotten

Shall be rich in golden grain.

The drums shall throb no longer

Over hill and dale and shore,

For the rulers of the nations

Then shall learn of war no more.

The lowly son of Nazareth

Then shall sway, and not the rod

Of haughty kings whose empires rise

Where marching hosts have trod.

The nations of the earth at last

From war shall have release,

And God shall wield the sceptre

In the thousand years of peace.

VICTORY AND DEFEAT

Not upon the field of battle
Are life's greatest victories won
Where the silvery trumpet echoes
And defeated armies run.
Not in palaces of marble
Or in crowded Senate halls
Not upon the field of honor
Where the voice of duty calls.

Not amid applauding thousands
Dressed with fame's bright laurels grand
While this old world smiles upon us
As it grasps our out stretched hand,
Is our greatest triumphs accomplished
Not with giddy fickle fame
Must we court if we add, luster
To the glory of our name.

It is never through the plaudits
Of the over zealous throng
That we know success has crowned us
With her garlands loud and long

Victory and Defeat

But within our own breasts struggling
Is the spirit which must say,
Whether we have gained the victory,
Or at last have lost the day.

THE DEATH OF ROOSEVELT

Dead! is it possible, he the rough rider
Idol of millions and lover of men?
Hero, adventurer, hunter, and cow boy,
Orator, statesman, and knight of the pen?
How we shall miss his fine wisdom and courage,
Friend of the poor man and champion of all.
Who shall now walk in the path he has trodden?
Who shall now lead in his stead since his fall?
Why must he die in the prime of his man hood
Worshipped by friends and admired by his
foes?
He who had wrought till his fame rivalled
Lincoln's
Why must he lie 'neath the Winter's cold
snows?
Why did the death angel touch his fair banner
Gathering him home to the heavenly fold?
There as he stood in salute to our banner
Quickly his own service star turned to gold.
Dead though in body his spirit immortal
Leads struggling, fighting for all that is best,

The Death of Roosevelt

Guiding the whole world to destinies grander.

Mankind now mourns that his soul has gone
West.

Why take the great and leave living the
humble?

Few such as he have been born in this world.

Were it not better if he could be living

Rather than have his old battle flags furled?

He is now sleeping to never awaken

Here where both Time and Eternity blend,

Gone to his rest, but his mighty soul brightens

The long, long trail that winds on without
end.

THE HIGHER LIFE

Time was when all the trees seemed dead.
The leaves neath Winters snows were spread.
The brown grass in deep slumber lay.
The fragrant flowers were hid away.
The winter clouds hung gray and low.
The cold frost snapped. We felt winds blow.
It seemed that spring would never come.
The birds were gone the streams were dumb.
Death had his way. Old Mother Earth
Had lost her joy and smiles and mirth.
How changed? The green is in the trees.
The perfumed flowers kiss every breeze.
The buds are bursting, while the streams
Reflect the gold of morns first beams.
The verdant earth and calm blue skies
Reflect the joy of Paradise.

What stronger proof would erring man
Desire that he shall live again?
Destroy, ye doubter, Gods own word,
And turn to leaf, and flower, and bird

The Higher Life

Where Nature far o'er hill and plain
From death makes all things rise again.
Through resurrections vast, profound,
And miracles, from 'neath the ground
And winter's gloom, the fair flowers spring
While all creation's angels sing.

Shall man superior to it all
Dream on then in the marble pall?
Shall he with intellect, and soul
Resolve to dust as ages roll.
When plant life blooms from death each year
Shall man not triumph o'er the bier?
His spirit like the flowerets gay
Shall have a Resurrection day.

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